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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Grave in the Wilderness.

BY MISS CAROLINE ORNE.

"The Orioli sings on the pendent bough,
By the home of her lowly rest,
And o'er it the star of evening shone,
Like the smile of an angel blest."

It was on a bright morning in the month of May, that the wagon of an emigrant might have been seen slowly moving along the rough grass covered road, faintly traced through the heart of the southwestern wilderness. It is seldom that the sun looks upon a scene of richer beauty, and yet the hearts of those who beheld it, pined for the home they had left beyond the mountains.

'Rosa, how do you feel now?' said Mr. Osborne, with an expression of great anxiety looking back into the wagon from the seat where he sat guiding the horses. This was addressed to his daughter, a girl of seventeen, who lay on a bed placed in the bottom of the wagon, with her head supported in her mother's lap.

'A little better,' she replied in a faint voice.

'Oh, no,' said Mrs. Osborne, 'the fever flush on her cheeks deepens every moment. I do wish we could find some spot where we might rest: she cannot bear the motion of the carriage.'

'We must go on till we can find water, at any rate,' replied her husband, 'and if I am not deceived the soil indicates it to be near at hand.'

'Let James and I alight, father, and go forward,' said a handsome, active boy of thirteen, 'and see if we can't find some.'

His father assented, and alighting, the boys bended along the road, which now began to enter a deep forest! Leaving the road on the left, they soon emerged into the open country, and ascending a spot of ground somewhat elevated, they, to their great delight, beheld at a little distance, a stream of water sparkling brightly in the sunbeams.—The shout of joy which they uttered at the discovery, rose shrill and clear on the air, and was wafted back to those left behind Mr. Osborne cheered the horses into a quicker pace, and in a few moments they had arrived at the point where the eldest boy, whose name was Robert had stationed himself, that he might direct his father which way to proceed. It was with considerable difficulty though the distance was short that Mr. Osborne led the horses through the intricacies of the forest, the interlacing boughs or the luxuriant vine, frequently checking all father progress, till cut or torn away.'

'There father,' said Robert when they had at last arrived at the foot of the eminence, 'just see where James stands in the shade of those large trees. Well the water, though we cannot see it here, is not more than half a rod from that spot, and looks almost as bright and sparkling as the brook that used to run back of our house, which Rosa used to love so well. There are no such smooth pebbles at the bottom, though,' he added with a sigh.

It was not long before they halted in the shade of a cluster of maple trees, the same which had been indicated by Robert. Here it was their first care to arrange a bed for Rosa.

It was a lonely and quiet spot; the rustling of the foliage, and occasionally a gush of sweet wild music, from some bird alone breaking the Sabbath stillness. The air, soft and clear, and laden with the breath of the many brilliant flowers gemming the green sward, as if fanned the brow of the fair girl for a moment appeared to alleviate her sufferings. From the place where she lay, she could behold the sparkling stream, and she thought of the clear brook on whose pebbly bed she had in childhood, so often stood and watched its waters, like a stream of liquid amber, gurgle over her small bare feet, and listened to its musical voice that seemed whispering to her of days of joy to come.—There was a living form, too, that rose amid the scene, and hallowed and endeared the memories of her late home. The spot where Edgar Ashton had told her of his love, and communicated to her the place he had formed of joining her in the far west, as soon as he had accumulated a sum that would make the little homestead for his widowed mother and his two younger brothers, rose up so palpably before her that she had held her breath to listen, expecting to hear his voice. The loud carol of a bird, such as she had never before heard dissipated the allusion and covering her face with her hands, she wept as she became conscious that her mind was yielding to the bewildering influence of the disease.

The noon tide hour had long been past, and Mr. Osborne and his two sons had completed a slight structure, formed of the limbs and boughs of trees, as shelter from the heavy night dews. Rosa, as she turned her eyes towards the east, beheld one lone star beginning to shine faintly near the horizon, and she imagined that its light might beam on him who was now far away. Perhaps even then his eyes, like hers's might be directed towards it.

'Is it not Thursday?' she inquired of her mother, who drew near her bedside.

She replied that it was.

'Thursday evening,' she resumed, 'is as you may remember, the last we ever spent in our home. Edgar Ashton was with us, and before we parted, we all sang our favorite evening hymn. Let me listen to it now for the last time.'

Many persons have heard the "Evening Hymn," commencing with the line,

"The day is past and gone,"

beautiful for its simplicity, and which, in former years, might have been heard by a New England fireside, sung by the united voices of a household, before retiring to rest. Now for the first time, its music rose on the still air of the lonely and solemn wilderness. The clear and deep voice of Mr. Osborne trembled not, even when the voice of Rosa was heard joining in the hymn in accents sweet, yet low and broken—for the iron nerves of a strong man are not easily shaken, even when the heart is bleeding with anguish; but the voices of the mother and brothers were unsteady, and sometimes almost ceased, for they knew that it was the last time Rosa would ever sing with them. She had, before they commenced their hymn, been removed to the shelter of the bower, but so near the entrance which had, by her request, been made to look towards the home of her star which had attracted her attention when it first began to kindle its fire in the heavens.

She spoke of Edgar Ashton, and holding up her hand, so as to display a plain gold ring he gave her at parting, requested it to be returned to him when she was dead.

'Oh, Rosa,' cried Robert, sobbing as he spoke, 'you will get well—I know you will.'

'No, Robert. I shall die, and you and father, mother and James, will all have to go away and leave me here alone. You, mother, must write to Edgar Ashton, and tell him you left me resting in a pleasant spot near a stream of clear water, almost as beautiful as that which runs near the home we left. Tell him the song of birds will float over me by day, and that a star, sweet and mild as the one we loved to imagine was the home of ministering spirits, will shine upon my grave by night. Mark the spot where you bury me, so that if ever he should be a wanderer in this country, he may find where I lie.' She now closed her eyes, and seemed inclined to sleep.

The night wore on, and the father and mother watched together by the low couch of their dying daughter. Even the boys, so slight were their slumbers, roused themselves at every noise, were it only the low twitter of a bird, as it moved on its leafy perch.

The day star had risen in the east when Rosa awoke from her heavy sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne bent earnestly forward to catch the low murmur of her lips. Her words were broken and indistinct, but they knew that she spake of the blessedness of that land where friends meet to part no more, and where sorrow and sighing flee away. She became silent, and they saw it was death that had hushed her voice. Mrs. Osborne, and the boys covered their faces and wept; but Mr. Osborne, as he turned his eyes toward heaven, now glowing with the first beams of day, said in a low, yet unfaltering voice, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

All the next day they watched beside their dead. Her shroud was carefully arranged by the mother's hands, and her long golden tresses, which used to sport with every breath of wind, were parted on her cold forehead, and lay motionless amid is snowy folds. Robert and James gathered violets and wild flowers, which they knew she loved, and placed them upon her bosom.

The twilight shadows began to gather. A grave had been dug in the shade of the largest and most beautiful of the trees, amid whose branches birds were now singing their evening songs. They knew that the time had come for them to commit her to the dust, and kneeling down by the bier, woven of strong boughs, Mr. Osborne offered up a prayer, fervent and humble—heart-thrilling, yet full of trust. When they arose they felt strengthened for their mournful task. They placed her gently in the grave they had prepared, looked upon her for the last time, and then all but the father turned away, for they could not bear to see the earth fall upon the sweet face that had so often smiled upon them, and which was beautiful even in death. Mr. Osborne leaned for a few minutes on his spade, and breathed a silent prayer, that he might not shrink from this last trying duty which he owed to the dead.

By the time the grave was closed and covered with the fresh green sods, daylight had entirely faded. All was calm and silent.—Even the voice of the winds was hushed; yet as they sat together by the spot where they had laid their poor Rosa, 'a floating whisper,' such as is heard only in the deep hush of the evening or night time, seemed to come to them like low and distant music. None spoke, yet it fell on the ears of all with deep, soothing power. It appeared to them like the echo of spirit voices, singing some sweet hymn, such a one as Rosa used to love to breathe with her clear musical voice, on a still Sabbath evening in summer.

The morning rose bright and balmy, and Mr. Osborne, with the assistance of his family, having enclosed the grave with logs prepared the day before, mentioned that it was time for them to pursue their journey. Every thing being ready for their departure, they looked on the grave for the last time, and wept.

When they arrived at the spot destined to be their future home, Mrs. Osborne's first care was to perform the request of Rosa, and write to Edgar Ashton. The letter and the ring were entrusted to the care of a gentleman about to commence a journey, which would lead near the young man's home, and he promised to deliver them with his own hand. He wrote an immediate answer, for it was a consolation to pour out his heart to those who he knew would give him their sympathy.

'A thousand thanks,' said he, towards the conclusion of the letter, 'for the faithful description you gave me of the spot where you made her grave. It is present to my mind in the still evening and in the deep night. It will ever be the dearest spot to me on earth, and soon to be able to behold it, is the dearest hope I most fondly cherish.'

A number of years afterwards, as a traveller from one of the New England States, was riding in company with a native son of the forest, he at a little distance observed a small spot of ground enclosed with logs. Inquiring of the Indian its design, he related to him the incidents on which the foregoing sketch is founded. With feelings deeply touched and interested at the idea that a young and beautiful girl was reposing alone in the wilderness, far from kindred and friends, he drew near the enclosure. A wild rose tree, together with the sensitive plant had taken root on her grave, and were growing in rich luxuriance—appropriate emblems of the beauty and modest virtues of her who slept beneath.

MR. VAN BUREN AND FREE TRADE.—The Journal of Commerce of yesterday morning says:

"Mr. Buren's avowal of free trade opinion has recently, if not before, been very distinct, and such as to satisfy we know, a great many free trade men and secure their votes."

ODD FELLOWS.—We learn from the Savannah Georgian, that the Rev. Albert Case, D. D., Grand Sire of the Grand Lodges of the United States instituted the above Grand Lodge at Washington Hall, in that city, on Monday evening, 13th instant, under a charter granted by the Grand Lodge of the U. S.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Among the testimonials of respect shown to Mr. Adams, while at Cincinnati, was an invitation given him by the bar of that city, to a meeting. It was attended with no display, banners, badges or procession, but seemed an affectionate and heartfelt meeting of the older brother of the family. In answer to Judge Este on the part of the bar, Mr. Adams gave the following reply, expressive of sentiments so truly free and liberal that they put to the blush the infamous pseudo democratic revilers of this noble old patriot and friend of man, and the most faithful of all the priesthood in the temple of human freedom and equal rights.

Honored Sir—Brethren of the Bar:—It has been my misfortune the last half year, to appear before my fellow citizens in various States of the Union, under circumstances such as never occurred before in the whole course of my life: but among all the occasions, there has not been one for which I was so totally unprepared as now. I have received complimentary addresses from fellow citizens of every class, character, denomination, and party; but this is the first time that I have received a tribute of that nature from my professional brethren.

I have been a member of that profession upwards of a half century. In the early part of my life, having a father abroad, it was my fortune to travel much in foreign countries; still, under an impression which I first received from my mother, that in this country every man should have some trade, that trade which, from the advice of my parent, and my own inclination, I chose, was the profession of the Law. After having completed an education in which, perhaps more than any other citizen of that time, I had advantages—and which of course brought with it the incumbent duty of manifesting by my life that those extraordinary advantages of education secured to me by my father, had not been worthlessly bestowed—on coming into life after such great advantages, and having the duty of selecting a profession for myself, I chose that of the Bar. I closed my education as a lawyer with one of the most eminent jurists of the age. Theophilus Parsons, of Newburyport, at that time a practising lawyer, but subsequently Chief Justice of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Under his instruction and advice, I closed my education, and commenced what I can hardly call the practice of Law, in the city of Boston.

At that time, though I cannot say that I was friendless, yet my circumstances were not independent. My father was then in a situation of great responsibility and notoriety, in the government of the United States. But he had been long absent from his own country, and still continued absent from that part of it to which he belonged, and of which I was a native. I went therefore as a volunteer—an adventurer—to Boston—as possible many of you whom I now see before me, may consider yourselves as having come to Cincinnati. I was without support of any kind, I may say I was a stranger in that city, though almost a native of the spot. I say I can hardly call it practice—because for the space of one year from that time, it would be difficult for me to name any practice which I had to do. For two years, indeed, I can recall nothing in which I was engaged, that may be termed practice; though during the second year, there were some symptoms, that by that persevering patience of which you, sir, have spoken in such eloquent terms, practice might come in time.

The third year I continued this patience and perseverance, and having little to do, occupied my time as well as I could in the study of those laws and institutions which I have since been called to administer.—At the end of the third year. I had obtained something which might be called practice.

The fourth year, I found it swelling to such an extent, that I no longer had any concern as to my future destiny, as a member of that profession. But in the midst of the fourth year, by the will of the first President of the United States, and with which the Senate was pleased to concur, I was selected for a station, not perhaps of more usefulness, but of greater consequence in the estimation of mankind, and sent from home on a mission to foreign parts.

From that time—the fourth year after my admission to the bar of my native State, and the first year of my admission to the bar of the Supreme Court of the U. States—I was deprived of the exercises of any further industry or labor at the bar, by this distinction—a distinction for which a previous edication at the bar, if not an indispensable qualification, was at least a most useful appendage. From that time my practice at the bar has been little more than during the first year.

I was absent in Europe on that mission, succeeded by others which it was the pleasure of the first President to confide to me, for seven years. Returning then to my native country, I again commenced the practice of my profession in Boston. But in the first year, I was again selected to an office which no longer admitted of my practising at the bar. From that time, now upwards of forty years, I have appeared at the bar but once—and that within the last two years, in the Supreme Court of the United States, on the occasion to which you have alluded, sir, in terms so much more complimentary than I deserve; and I embraced that occasion, to take a final adieu of the Profession.

In the course of that period of time, I have gone through a great variety of public offices, among which was the highest political station that can be conferred by the people of the United States upon a citizen. And yet, it may perhaps furnish some of the younger members of the bar who now hear me, food for a serious meditation, to say, that if it were now permitted me to pass another life, commencing in the profession of law, as mine did, and it were put to me, after passing three and a half or four years of the first part of my life as a lawyer, whether I would pass the remainder of it as I have done, entirely in the public service, and to the exclusion of the practice of that profession, or continue that profession as I began, with such powers as it has pleased the Creator to give me, and such industry and integrity in the application of those powers, as have been spoken of—I now solemnly declare, that so far as personal happiness is concerned, I would infinitely prefer to pass my life as a member of the bar, in the practice of my profession according to the ability which God has given me, to that life which I have led, and in which I have held places of high trust, honor, responsibility, and—*obloquy*.

I say not obloquy, now, for the purpose of complaint. If it were true, that of all the public servants of the United States, it had been my fortune to suffer more of the ill opinion of the world at various times, and from the variety of estimation, high and low, which public servants must undergo—then I say, that if it were my fate to share a greater proportion of these evils than any other man living—the scenes of the last six months, my reception by my fellow-citizens of this city alone, and the prospect now before me, would more than compensate for all.

Brethren of the Profession of the Law—Perhaps my estimation of the Profession, notwithstanding what I have said, may not be so high as that which many of you make. So deep is my impression of the natural equality of mankind, and of the fundamental rights which that natural equality confers upon every human being, that I have been accustomed, and have accustomed myself, to transfer that principle of equality to all the professions of men—the honest professions adopted by men in the great and various pursuits of life.

It is common to say that the profession of the law is the highest, most honorable, and most dignified, that can be exercised by man. Possibly some of you may think so. It is possible that you may have entered upon the profession with that impression. But that impression is not mine.—I do believe that the liberties of a country depends more upon the members of the bar than upon any other profession common to man. Yet I do not consider it, in point of dignity, in point of importance, beyond that of the shoemaker, or the tailor, or the housewright, or mason, or any mechanical profession. I consider it not superior to the profession of the healing art, destined to alleviate and remove the physical evils of the human race; far less do I consider it superior to that profession which connects man with the future and with God.

Perhaps some among you entertain the opinion that this profession alone may have the same claims to honor and dignity. Brethren, my own opinion upon that subject is, that the profession of divinity stands upon the same foundation as the profession of the law. The professors of both are bound by the laws of nature and of God, to pass lives of purity and innocence, doing all the good they can to their fellow creatures on earth. And if it is the privilege of the professors of divinity to stand as mediators between God and Man, it is equally that of those of the law to maintain at all hazards, every individual right conferred upon man, by Nature and God. I would say, therefore, that we ought to refer the whole question of the relative dignity and importance of professions and trades, to that sacred principle of natural equality which is the law of nature between man and man.

I deem it unnecessary to enlarge further on this subject. I will not discuss the right of different classes, to make pretensions to the superiority of their respective professions. If there is any one profession which can claim superiority over all the rest, it is that of the cultivator of the earth. For him, more than once, that claim has been asserted. But to him I should assign precisely equal rights with all the rest. Because he in numbers counts more than all the rest—though his profession numbers more than ten to one of all others together—I cannot admit superiority on his part over the mechanic, the merchant, or the lawyer.

It is truly an exceedingly agreeable circumstance to me, to receive this address on the part of brethren of my own profession. The manner in which it has been pronounced—the terms in which the honorable gentleman has spoken to you of me—would furnish me language of eloquence, if language of eloquence were mine, for the remainder of this day. But this would put your patience to a severe trial.

In reference to that constant and persevering labor, and excitement of mind, in illustration of which the great name of Cicero was introduced. I trust I shall be excused, if speaking to the younger members of the profession present, I say, that whatever of justice there may be in the compliment paid me—if constant and persevering labor of mind, in the performance of the duties of life, has ever belonged to me, it is to that very name of Cicero that I have been in a great measure indebted for it. And I will say to the younger members of the Bar, if they have not read Middleton's life of that great orator, statesman and lawyer—that if they will take the trouble to read that portion of it in which he traces to their sources the practice of Cicero in these virtues, they will find there a source to which I have been much indebted for whatever of truth that compliment may contain.

Brethren—It is painful to me, and I presume all will be sensible of it, to speak of myself—painful even when there seems to be an excuse furnished by circumstances, under which I cannot help saying something.

But I cannot dwell longer, than to assure you, that this kindness will remain in my bosom till the last grasp of life. And now may all the blessings of Heaven belong to you and yours!

Mr. Adams then, much affected, took by the hand each member of the Bar, and the meeting adjourned.

AMERICAN HEMP.

An English merchant, who lately travelled in the United States, thus speaks of the growth of hemp:

"I saw in the United States navy yard stores, and the engines and machinery for spinning or twisting cables, which is far superior to any thing of the kind I have ever seen in England. The Americans are growing their own hemp on the Mississippi, and the foremen of the ropewalks say that it is much superior, and will stand a much higher test than the Russian hemp, and that the cables they make are much better and stronger than the best they can get from England."

We have long been in the practice of sending millions of dollars annually to pay the owners of Russian surfs for hemp, while we had any quantity of vacant lands admirably adapted to its culture. Mr. Van Buren contends that it is far better to compel all cultivators of the soil in this country to raise hemp at such prices for labor as are paid to the slaves of Russia, than to protect them, so that they can grow hemp in the United States, and sell it at prices, which will give them forty cents a day for their honest toil.

Loco Focoism takes the compensation given to the serfs of Russia, as the standard of comfort and wages, to which all laboring men in America must be reduced for the benefit of a favored few, who have gold to sell, and labor to buy. It aims, to make the poor poorer and the rich richer by taking the minimum price of foreign labor as the measure of value of all our products of labor in the United States.—The toiling millions that grow hemp in Russia are robbed of a fair recompense for the service performed. Mr. Van Buren asserts, practically, that it is better for the American Government to obtain the hemp it needs for its Navy, by participating in the benefits of goods stolen from human bone and muscle in foreign nations, than to pay fair prices for American labor to produce the same goods.

Political Abolition. This is the title of the last of the Junius Tracts which we have received, and from which we propose to extract for publication those parts which we deemed most interesting. The following should arrest the attention of every reader.

"It is well known, that, previous to the start of political abolition in the free States, the spirit of emancipation prevailed extensively in the Slave States, and among slave holders; that the leading and most influential men in those States, were accustomed freely to acknowledge the evils of slavery, and were engaged in benevolent schemes to abate them; that many of them entertained with favor, the purpose of a gradual, and ultimately an entire abolition; that numerous conscientious persons were providing for the emancipation of their own slaves; that entire freedom of speech and of the press, on the subject, was tolerated; that free colored people in the slave States, were generally treated with indulgence, and encouraged; and that this state of feeling had made visible progress, from the organization of our government, down to the outbreak of political abolition in the free States. There was a fair prospect, that one slave State after another, beginning with the more northern, if left to their own free and undisturbed action, would follow the example of New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, in the total extinction of slavery. Such was the state of things, while the subject was left to the *moral* influence operating quietly and pacifically, but effectively, on the public mind. It is but a few years since, that a strong movement was made in the State and legislature of Virginia, for the adoption of a system of emancipation, which was eloquently debated, and had a large minority vote.

But, behold the change! Maryland, which was expected first to move in the cause of emancipation, taking alarm from such interference, has inserted a clause in her Constitution for the *perpetuity* of slavery! The whole mind of the slave States, has been thrown off from its former basis of growing favor toward emancipation, and put in the attitude of defence against foreign interference. The ingress of free blacks into the slave States has generally been interdicted; free colored residents have been banished from some parts, and in all places subjected to great disadvantages, and deprived of important privileges; the work of emancipation has been put in check, and the disposition for it quenched; rigorous defensive laws have been enacted and enforced; the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of the slaves, which before was encouraged, and growing in popularity, has been very much abridged, and in some places entirely stopped; the slaves are subjected to a stricter watch, and treated with greater rigor, where causes of apprehension exist; scarcely an advocate of emancipation can be found in the slave States, where there were thousands, and tens of thousands before; freedom of speech and of the press, except on one side of the question, is chiefly suppressed; and the entire slave-holding portion of the Union, instead of being engaged, as before, in meliorating the condition of the slave, mitigating the rigors of the system, and marching forward toward the goal of final emancipation, has been forced into an attitude, and into measures of defence against the *political* abolition of the free States.

We ask, if these are not very impressive and very instructive facts?—The lessons of experience teach us, that it is safe to judge of the future from the past, of what is to come from what has happened. Such being our rule of judgment, it is manifest, that, as political abolition has yet done nothing but injury to the cause it has taken in hand, and injury on an immense scale, it will do nothing but injury in time to come.

HONOR TO THE WHIGS OF MISSISSIPPI! The Whigs of Mississippi are beaten but they should be prouder of their position in defeat than of the most brilliant victory. For two successive Elections, with hardly an exception in their ranks, they have fought the battle of Honesty and Good Faith against Knavery and Repudiation. Some few knaves who had crept in among them have crawled out, dreading to be taxed or to be on the unpopular side; but nine-tenths of the whole party have stood firm on the side of Uprightness, while nineteen-twentieths of their opponents have voted, on specious but flimsly pretexts, to rob the creditors of the State. Here is one of these touchstone questions which show what the respective parties are made of.—Glorious Whigs of Mississippi! how nobly does your conduct contrast with that of shuffling, paltering Indiana! You will yet triumph, friends! and how proud will be your triumph! How the hearts of all honest men will rejoice over it! Who would not go half a mile out of his way to shake hands with one of the noble Whigs of Mississippi?

MISSISSIPPI ELECTION.

Counties.	Clinton, Whig.	Brown, Loco.	Williams, Bond.	1841. Shattuck	Tucker.
*24 before....	9,700	6,748	578	6,858	6,540
Marshall.....	933	918	12	894	987
Panola.....	423	329	16	318	220
Tallahatchie .	208	173	0	193	173
Scott.....	73	228	0	51	156
Yazoo.....	471	371	10	499	499
Total.....	8,810	8,797	515	8,813	8,505

Whig majority...13. Do in '41...308

*We deduct two Counties, from which we had before reported majorities, but from which we now publish accurate returns.

Here is the vote of nearly half the State, including Counties on all the edges. There can be no doubt that the Repudiators have the Governor and Legislature.

☞ The Abolitionists have polled 12,500 votes in forty Counties of this State. They have probably polled 15 to 16,000 in all. *Tribune.*

From the Michigan Expositor.

THE TARIFF.

MR. EDITOR.—When a man refuses to listen to arguments, there may yet be hope that he may be moved by facts; but when facts fail to make impression, he must be put down as a gone case. Such appears to the situation of many of my locofoco neighbors, who have got it into their heads that a tariff must make some things dearer and because we ask the foreigner to pay for the privilege of coming here to take the business out of our own hands, and carrying out of the country the money that should be paid to our own mechanics, they oppose it. To such, I wish to state one fact in illustration of the truth that a heavy tariff on an article, has no sure tendency to make it dearer—and if they have logic enough to perceive that "like causes produce effects" they will no longer fear having to dress in the skins of wild beasts," because of a duty on cloth.

But a few years since, the lead used in this country, amounting to many thousand tons annually, was brought almost wholly from Europe, at a cost of 9 to 12 cents per lb. A tariff of three cents per pound. I think was imposed. The lead Manufacturers at first thought themselves ruined, but by the same tariff, "busts" were to be imported duty free; and a Lead Company in Salem, Mass. thought of a plan to obtain their lead free of duty as before. That was, to have it run into busts and import an immense amount before Congress had time to amend the law. Consequently, they ordered lead to the value of a half a million dollars, to be run into *busts of Dr. Franklin* which were imported forewith—a supply sufficient for three or four years. And did they save three cents per lb. as they expected, amounting to about $150,000? Far from it. The lead mines of the west began immediately to be worked and had the company bought their lead at home, instead of their sage speculation in "busts," (and kept half a million in the country, instead of sending it out,) by the time the amount was used, it would have cost them less by 75,000.

I had these facts from the Agent and Superintendent of the Company, and they may be relied upon. Lead is now sold in N. Y. at 4 cents per lb. and needs no duty.—Had that heavy duty not been imposed, our western hunters would now be paying eighteen pence or two shillings per lb. for their lead to shoot, and all of us an equal amount for the manufactured white lead to paint our houses with.

Do you believe the members of that lead company have any fear of going without a coat because of a duty upon woolens?

POLITICAL ABOLITION.—The Abolition vote in the State of New York at the late election, was larger than ever before; there being but little excitement existing on questions of general politics. The number of Abolition votes in the counties mentioned: is in New York city 68 Genesee 369 Tompkins 337. Niagara 446. Herkimer 485, Erie 425. Cayuga 380, Monroe 603, Oneida 1148, Kings 148, Rensselaer 176, Albany 150. Madison 1754, Ontario 458, Jefferson 797.

Total 7744.

The Abolition vote in Ohio at the late election was 6,470 out of a total of 219,000.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

Maxims designed to prevent cough, catarrh, influenza, quinsy, consumption, rheumatism, lumbago, headache, sore throat: By Benjamin Bell, Operative Chemist, Charleston, Mass.

Maxim 1. No person is liable to take cold whilst every part of his body is exposed to the same temperature.

2. No person will take cold by exposure to any sudden alteration in the temperature of the atmosphere, however great or small, provided the first Maxim be followed.

3. The diseases indicated are caused by the application of heat to the greater part of the surface of the body, whilst a small part is left exposed to a colder state, solely from the inequality of the application.

4. Artificial clothing made of the usual materials, is of no salutary advantage to mankind, (so far as heat is concerned,) in any atmosphere the temperature of which is above 74 deg Fahrenheit; it being the primary and principle cause of the disease above named.

5. Clothing being but a slow conductor of heat, causes that sensation and effect by retarding the passage of caloric from the surface of the body outwards.

6. Wet clothing is a quicker conductor of heat than dry.

7. Dry air is a very slow conductor and acts as clothing whilst retained among hair, wool, feathers, cotton cloth, &c.

8. Air set in motion conducts the heat from the skin faster than air at rest.

9. Moist air conducts faster than dry.

10 An invalid, a person sitting or lying or a person asleep or in perspiration are respectively more liable to take cold than persons in health, or standing, or awake or cold.

11. Any part of the surface of the body can be educated and inured to bear with diminished risk a temperature different from what the other parts for the time being are exposed to.—But some parts are more intractable in educating than others, especially the cranium and armpits, which nature has clothed.

12. The principles laid down in maxims 1. 2, 3, apply to cold water as well as to cold air, in so far as is necessary to escape the diseases in question.

[Amer Trav.

EXTENSIVE WILDERNESS.—It is known to but very few citizens, that their is in the northeastern portion of the State of New York, an almost unexplored wilderness, embracing a territory much larger than the entire State of Massachusetts, and capable, if as thickly settled, of containing more than a million inhabitants. There are in this wilderness about two hundred lakes, of two miles and upwards each in diameter; and some of them fifteen, eighteen, and even twenty miles in length. The Blue Mountain lake is described by Rev. Mr. Todd, is being upwards of 1800 feet above the level of Lake Champlain, and excelling in point of location the beauty of Horicon (better known as Lake George.) Near Long lake, in the very heart of the forest, is a little community of 14 families, who subsist by fishing, hunting, &c., and have lived in comparative ignorance until they were visited a few years since by the eminent divine above named. Besides these, this immense tract of land has never been explored by any, save by hunters and Indians, who have penetrated but a short distance, so far as ascertained. They have in some instances, however, been overtaken by storms, and their sufferings and trials during inclement seasons, together with their hunting exploits, would, in the hands of a proper person, furnish ample material for a very exciting and interesting romance.

☞ Our promising young friend Robert Tyler, Esq. son of John Tyler, has recently been down in North Carolina, enlightening the ignorance of that Clay region with the scintillations of his genius. He attended the sitting of the Northampton Superior Court at Jackson, where a crowd collected around him to imbibe the freshest draughts of his wisdom Political, (not Poetical, 'by no means'—a little of that is too much.) and to whom he imparted freely according to their several needs. One of the listeners asked him who would be the candidate of the Loco-Foco National Convention—whereupon, proceeds rather irreverently the Raleigh Register—

Bon spread himself and spoke almost literally in this wise:—"Gentlemen, it is difficult to answer that question, but if Calhoun is the nominee, Clay will beat him 190,000 votes—if Van Buren should be elected, Clay will beat him 170,000 votes; but if the Administration runs, it will succeed against Clay without difficulty. In fact, gentlemen, Clay has his all staked on the hazard of a single die"—"Yes," interrupted a wholsouled Whig, "and he'll throw sixes, Sir, and no mistake." Bon looked blue, and a hearty laugh repaid the witty repartee.

N. Y. BIBLE SOCIETY. The anniversary of the society was celebrated on Monday evening. The receipts for the year have been $6599 63, and the expenditures exactly balance.